

1873

Unitarian Sunday School Society

7 TREMONT PLACE
BOSTON

JESUS IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

READ in the fourth chapter of Luke, from the sixteenth verse to the twenty-second, the description of the scene presented in the picture on the first page.

Of course the scene described cannot be exactly depicted. The synagogue at Nazareth has been long in ruins, and no other account of what transpired there is given than that of St. Luke.

In the East there has been but little change in the customs and habits of the people. The modern Syrian synagogues will help to form an idea of the forms observed in the ancient synagogues.

Jesus is represented standing in the desk or pulpit. In the back-ground are the elders. The men are in front, and in the gallery are observed the women. Probably there were no galleries in the synagogue at Nazareth; but the women were on one side of the synagogue, and the men on the other, with a partition five or six feet high between them.

The man who had charge of the synagogue was called *chazzan* (kaz-zân). He went to the ark or chest where the rolls of the Prophets were kept, and took the roll that contained the prophecy of Isaiah, and handed it to Jesus. Then Jesus stood up at the desk, unrolled the book till he came to the part which in our Bibles is indicated as the first verse of the sixty-first chapter. This he read to the people, and then rolled up the book, handed it back to the *chazzan*, and sat down. The picture, of course, presents him in the act of reading. His remarks were made afterwards.

THE wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation; the fool when he gains that of others.

A NEW SECT.

WHAT, are there not sects enough? Yes, too many; but Henry Ward Beecher says we must have one more, and he is pretty good authority in many things, and about right in this thing. This new sect is going to cut right into all the old sects, and is going to do them all a great deal of good. A man or a child, may still be a Catholic, if he wants to, — or a Churchman, a Methodist, Unitarian, Universalist, or what he will, — and still belong to this new sect. A little child can come right into it, and live in it all the days of his life on earth, and all his never-ending life in heaven. Here is its name, and a grand one it is: —

THE HAPPINESS-MAKERS.

The "Dayspring" didn't have to think a minute about joining the new sect. Just as the man found he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, the "Dayspring" found it had been trying to be a "Happiness-maker" ever since it was born. So it said: "Thank you, Mr. Beecher; here is my right hand. It may be a small one; but it is an honest one, and may grow."

All the different sects are formed upon some matter of belief. Almost all of them have "creeds." Now that word "creed" comes from the Latin word *credo*, which means "I believe." So they say, "I believe this," and "I believe that;" and so on through ever so many statements. The new sect doesn't need any creed. Its name tells the whole story, the "Happiness-makers," — not the Happiness-believers. Mr. Beecher finds the charter of the new sect written by that zealous preacher of Christ, the Apostle Paul: —

"Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification; for even Christ pleased not himself."

Could there be a clearer or grander annunciation of its principles? Look at it. There is no chance for any mistake. "*Let every one of us please his neighbor.*" But how? To his injury, by indulging him in all his whims, and gratifying his wrong desires? No: "*for his good.*" There is no getting away from that. The pleasure given him must be for *his good*. There is no real happiness only as it is connected with good. It is real "Happiness-makers" the members of this new sect must be.

But again: to what kind of good? To the mere feeding, clothing, educating, employing him? Is it enough to do things that are simply good in themselves? Read on: "*to edification.*" Get your dictionaries, boys, and girls, and see what that word means? Is it all clear now? Not quite? May be your dictionary isn't a big one, and doesn't tell you all about the word. There is a Latin word *œdifico*, and it means "to build;" and then *œdificatio*, which means the *constructing* or *building* of any thing; and thence comes our word *edification*. Do you not see now what it means? "*To edification*;" that is, to the *building up* of the man in virtue, justice, righteousness, — all that goes to make up *goodness*, — through which *happiness* must come. And why? For the Great Teacher and Helper, Christ, at whose feet we all sit as learners, was himself a "Happiness-maker" pleasing not himself, but living for others.

The readers of the "Dayspring" are all welcomed into this new sect. May be they will some of them find "Happiness-makers" only a new name for what they have tried to be. But whether it be a new name for an old thing, or the suggestion of a new idea, let it quicken in them an increased love for its principles, or inspire them to act from a new motive, and for a new purpose.

For The Dayspring.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A BOY fifteen years old was playing in a store with the rope and wheel used for raising and lowering goods, when he accidentally fell from the wheel to the floor and broke a leg. His employer did every thing that he could do, and came to me, a relative of the boy, and said, "It was an error of judgment." That expression will never be forgotten. Scarcely a day passes that we have not occasion to use the gentle and the true way of putting it in regard to hundreds of occurrences which might otherwise make us petulant and unjust, — that they were "errors of judgment." Let not older persons be impatient with the accidents and mischief, the follies and waywardness of the young. Let us get into the spirit of that kind-hearted employer, and be ready at a moment's notice to say, "It was an error of judgment." Kind language endears and rectifies, where impatience discourages and hardens.

U. W.

For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

[This story, kindly furnished by a friend to the "Day-spring" readers, will be continued through succeeding numbers.]

CHAPTER I. — *The Broken Cup.*



HE proverb, "The morning hour has gold in its mouth," is one best known among country people and the working classes. This little story commences with one of these golden morning hours, and gold-bringing are the

words, at least, with which it begins: —

"Now forward, my men," said Master Tanzer, the potter, to his workmen, as they finished their breakfast of coffee and wheaten bread, "now, to work."

He arose, and his companions, doing the same, followed him into the shop, where each began quietly to work behind his own table.

"Who is rattling at the latch?" said the potter, interrupting the silence. "Just come in," he added, rather impatiently, as the latch rose and fell several times, while the door remained closed. He was just arising from his seat to open it, as a little girl tripped in, with a timid "good-morning," and then remained standing on the threshold. It had not struck five o'clock, but the golden hair of the child, who appeared to be about ten years old, was smoothly brushed, her shoes blacked, and every part of her poor apparel in perfect order. Her cheeks and hands glowed with the rosy freshness which bathing in cold water had given to the fair skin.

Master Tanzer noticed all this with silent approval. His smile and voice were friendly again as he said, "Eh! little one, up so early! Do you believe in the saying, 'The morning hour has gold in its mouth'? That's brave of you. And it becomes you, too. You're as fresh as a rose in the morning dew. What brings you to me? Do you want to buy something?"

The child remained silent, looking down into her held-up apron, out of which she at length drew the halves of a porcelain cup. "I would like to know," she said hesitatingly, "if you could mend this cup, and so that it wouldn't show the least crack."

Mr. Tanzer looked at the pieces, which were of fine porcelain painted with beautiful flowers. "It mustn't show any crack, eh?" he said. "That'll be rather difficult, but then we'll see, — we'll see." With these words he laid the pieces aside and began his

work again. But the little girl said anxiously, "Oh, be so kind and mend it now; I can wait for it."

The potter and his workmen began to laugh.

"Then you'd have to wait a long time," he said; "the cup must be baked in the fire after it is mended. In three days I shall bake my wares, and in five days you can have your cup, and not before." The child looked sorrowful and troubled.

"Ha, ha! he exclaimed, "now I understand what got you up so early. Your mother wasn't to know any thing about the broken cup, and so you wanted it all mended before she got up. Eh! isn't that so? But haven't you got a little dog or cat or squirrel about the house, that you could blame for it?"

The little girl looked so innocently and inquiringly up into his face at these words, that he said earnestly, —

"God forbid that I should lead you into a falsehood. What I said was only in joke. No, my child, tell your mother every thing, and always the truth. That's the best way. Will you?"

The little girl nodded, as if that was a matter of course, and left the shop.

Five days after she returned to get the cup. The crack could scarcely be seen, and she thanked Mr. Tanzer sweetly as she handed him all the money she possessed, — ten pence.

"What is your name, my little daughter," he asked, "and where do you live?"

"We live," she answered, "in Myrtle Street, No. 47. My father was a painter, but he's dead. My name is Magdalene Tuba."

"So, your father was a painter. It may be you can paint too? — and better in the end than my apprentice, who stands there with his mouth open, instead of painting his

cups and writing his mottoes. Just take the pencil and let me see what you can do."

Magdalene obeyed modestly. With a skilful, steady hand, she made the delicate blue decorations on the cup, and then wrote on the white surface these words:—

"Every child, both great and small,
[Should always remember the Giver of all."

The master was astonished and pleased. He said, "A girl that is so little and so young, and yet so brave, and knows how to work so well, ought to have help. Would you like to paint cups and write mottoes? You shall be well paid." The heart of the apprentice was filled with envy at these words, and he disliked Magdalene because she was more deserving than himself. But no one could be happier than she. With a face beaming with joy she thanked the master, and hurried with a bounding step towards home.

"THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS IS HIS ALSO."

HARK! what is that sound, like the beating of the waves on the beach? The ocean is full a hundred miles away, but is not that the noise of the surf? No, it is but the pine tree, whispering, chanting, singing. Did you never listen to him? He is not telling secrets which you must not hear; nor is he gossiping with his neighbor, the hemlock. He is speaking that all may hear; now singing hymns of praise, now reciting some legend, or story of what happened long ago; or, during a storm, shouting defiance to the wind, and calling to the other trees,—the birch, white through fear, or the trembling, quivering aspen,—telling them to strike their roots deep into the earth, and not to fear, though, for a time, they must bend before the gale. And even the little flowers

hear his brave words and take courage, and, bowing their faces to the earth, wait till the storm has passed.

Many a lesson of wisdom, trust, and patience will the pine teach us if we will but listen. Harken, now, to one of his stories: the Legend of the Hills.

Once upon a time the wild-flowers met to consider what return they could make for the countless blessings of God. "Let us thank him for his goodness, and sing his praises to all the world," said the harebell. "But I would fain do something for him, or give him something," said the violet, timidly. "What can we do?" said the lily. "Let us dedicate to his service whatever he has given us. I have nothing but my beauty, but that shall be his, if he will accept it, so that any one looking upon me shall think, not of the flower so much as of its Maker." "I have only my fragrance," said the violet; "can that be of any use?" "And I," said the columbine, "will grow over the rough rocks wherever there is earth enough for my roots, that even the poorest of mortals shall learn that they too can offer to God some little flower of trust and goodness."

Then spake all the other flowers, dedicating to God whatever they had of use or beauty; feeling sure that he would accept and use their humble offerings:

"Ah!" sighed a deep voice, which at first made them all start and tremble, but they soon knew it was only the hill on which they had met. "Ah!" sighed the hill again; "you all have something to give to God to show your gratitude, but I have nothing." "Dear old hill," said the violet, "we are so weak the least thing will destroy us, but you are so strong! Year after year, and age after age, you remain unaltered. The storm has no power over you. The snow and ice, which drive us down into the earth, cannot move you. Why not dedicate your *strength*

to God?" "If I only thought he would care for that, most gladly would I give it. If he will but take it, I will consecrate it from this time to his service," said the hill, reverently.

Down in the valley walked a man, weary and discouraged. "I must give up the fight," he murmured, "I am too weak." Just then he raised his eyes to the grand old hill. How strong and steadfast it looked! But what caused that strange light to come into his eyes? And why did he uncover his head, and, looking up to heaven, exclaim, "The strength of the hills is his also!" "Will he not uphold me? May God forgive me that I did not trust in him;" and with renewed courage he walked on. And the hill gave thanks to God.

L.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER VII.

TOPSHAM, October, 1868.

DEAR MADGE, — What you say of grandma's being pleasant, and aunt tiresome, has set me to thinking aunt's a changeling, and grandma's real daughter living with some fairy in the woods. Perhaps we shall meet her, and know her by grandma's pretty smile. Do you think Aunt Wealthy was ever a little girl? that she ran, and screamed, and ate doughnuts?

Ned is uncommon. No boy in Topsham could hold Slater, without my being obliged to soak her and send her into a galloping consumption.

I feel just as you do about beating horses when they are tugging up hill, as hard as ever they can, with no drums to keep up their spirits, which soldiers have going to battle.

I don't think aunt's cap is a Whang-doodle; though it's queer enough to be. Mother says we are not to laugh at caps, and that we shall wear them soon. What funny duds we shall look like! Think of a cap on top of your curls! My hair would stalk through the crown. Mother says the best way not to be rude to aunt or her cap is not to write about them. And, Madge, my pink, as we have no *love* left from grandma, we must be double respectful to aunt.

Baby's too queer with the small girl. Lyddy Ashby says it's as good as going to the play to watch him. He hides his head on my shoulder, slowly lifts it, looks at her from the corner of his eye, then lets her take him and be his slave. He screams with joy as he pulls out the round comb. I had to talk fast for fear Mrs. Ashby should see. I believe Biddy would let Baby twitch her hair till her eyes watered out; but mother says he's none too young to mind. Our children! Madge, older than Baby, and so disobedient.

How did you know Biddy was freckled? Her hair is red; her nose of the funniest, always trying to see her hair. Mother says I ought to be ashamed to laugh at her looks, she is so faithful. I wish you could see her as she stares with mouth open, as I lecture Slater on her behavior and health. But I say to myself, "Stare away! my child is not to be neglected."

Mrs. Ashby would not give me wilted grapes! Mother did, as many as I wanted.

Do you remember grandma's taking off her spectacles, and asking why I wanted money? I answered short because mother says talking poor is a mean way of getting money, and that I must say, "I'm not going to buy so and so;" but never, "I can't afford."

But, Madge, I can tell you I want money for good reasons. To stub my toes, and go

through brambles like Lyddy, and to buy up all the worsted, make a mammoth ball, and have a bonfire on Meeting-house Hill, so mother need not get such red cheeks over worsted work. She sighs, she's so weary of Here a Quack, Here a Moo, Here a Duck, sung at the top of Biddy's voice! which is not sweet like yours.

No small family could use enough dishes for Ping Wing to be a scullion; so you'll have to hire her out at a tavern.

I've such an opinion of grandma that I believe if Mrs. Ashby boarded with her, and scolded with aunt from morning till night, grandma would still continue pleasant, though she grew as thin as a rail. Oh, to live always with grandma, who knows what you mean and never finds fault! mother says being with grandma makes us so good that there is no occasion to find fault. Why couldn't Aunt Wealthy marry?

Your plan of running away to Holland with Tom when you get old is all in my eye, for your curls will be lovely, even white, and you never can speak sharp like aunt. No; it's safe we shall live in our small house next Baby's church, and, when people are not calling, nod at our children on the closet shelf, only we shall have to dress Slater and Ping Wing like old ladies, and they'll be cross as bears.

Biddy's pitched downstairs and cracked our Wedgwood pitcher. What *would* Mrs. Ashby say? Biddy brogues when she's frightened. I think she fears she has hired into a sick family, she hangs her head so when I consult the doctor about Slater. But I'm sure my cheeks are as red and healthy as Baldwin apples. Mrs. Ashby has sent us a whole barrel, but I can't love her, though I like the apples.

Mother thinks I ought to be ashamed of being ashamed to tell Lyddy that we make only six *apple-pies*, while they make twenty-

five *mince*, and all the others. Well, we are not so poor as Ned, for we never have fried pork.

Slater thinks the Baby's basket more amusing than your museum. You must not mind, for she is just as rude to me.

"COUSIN PING WING, — Ned seems gentle; but mother Lou came near fighting over pies. Biddy looks at me sideways — that means stealing; but Baby is to be a minister, and must love even a thief. His basket contains a rubber ring, dried orange, his shoe, Biddy's garter, the watch key, — and I'm too ill to tell what."

Madge, mother says I must not call it provoking for Ned not to climb and scream, for angels brush his pale cheeks with their soft wings, and make him willing to be our Father's quiet child, and that he is more to be envied than the cross lady you took tea with. Teach him this pretty verse: —

"Four corners to his bed,
Four angels round his head,
One to watch, two to pray,
And one to keep all fears away."

Was your good Sunday scholar well? I want to be good and healthy, too.

Good-by, pretty bird, on the elm tree, sing away soon again.

LOU HASELTINE.

"STOP THIEF!"

"LAY down your book, and get ready for school, Matty."

"Yes, mamma, in a minute."

"My child, your 'in a minute' is the secret of all your school troubles and disgraces."

At this, Matty languidly pulled herself up from the large rocking-chair in which she was lounging and reading the last pages of a story-book, and began to hunt up her geography, and hurry her mother to prepare

her lunch and tie her shoes, and peep into a neglected spelling-lesson, while the long hand of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes before nine. Harry was calling, "Come, Matty!" at the front door, and her seat-mate waving a beckoning hand to her as she hurried by the house.

Just as Matty shut the gate, her uncle Harry came along, his face ruddy with exercise in the frosty air. Seizing Matty's hand, and taking her dinner-pail and books, he cried out, "Stop thief! stop thief!" and, before she could have time to collect her thoughts, he was running with her so fast that her little feet seemed hardly to touch the ground. The loitering children, seeing Uncle Harry's speed, and hearing his cry of "Stop thief!" joined in the pursuit, hardly daring to look over their shoulders for fear of being seized by a pursuing highwayman. They reached the school-house just as the clock had commenced striking nine; and, for the first time in two weeks, Matty sat in her seat at the opening exercises, instead of standing in the vestibule among the tardy ones.

Uncle Harry remained sitting in the visitor's seat until after the opening exercises.

Before leaving, he said a few words to the eager-eyed little ones, with his watch in his hand for fear he should overstay his time.

"He is a terrible enemy, dear children, who has been after us to-day. If he gets hold of you, he will keep you unhappy, and what some people call 'unlucky,' all your days. What is worse than all, he will try to steal your opportunity to make your peace with God. Dear children, fear Him more than you do rattlesnakes when you go berrying on Round Hill, or mad dogs, or ugly bulls, for, after all, they can only destroy your body. This thief, after he has destroyed character, home, and business,

will prevent your entering heaven, just as he tried to keep you from coming into this school-room in time for prayers."

The children looked at each other and at Uncle Harry with a gaze of great curiosity and surprise. But Uncle Harry soon relieved their suspense. As he borrowed the teacher's chalk to write the name of the thief on the blackboard, the boys and girls could hardly be kept in order by the frowns and signs of their teacher.

"Now, children, see the name of the thief who is always at your heels! Look out for him! Don't give him a chance to look at you."

As Uncle Harry took his leave, the children saw printed in large letters, "PROCRASTINATION is the Thief of Time."

American Messenger.

TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"THAT boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly, that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

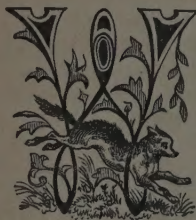
"Gold dust!" Where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get gold dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time, — specks and particles of time, — which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold dust!

Little American.



ARTHUR'S MAGNET.

ARTHUR AND HIS MAGNET.



WILLIAM WARD and Mary, as you see them in the picture, are amusing themselves with their little brother's magnet. You see how strong it is. Though it is not a large one, it

will lift up Mary's largest pair of scissors.

Arthur, who owns the magnet, has gone to bed, and so has his little sister Effie. I will tell you how Arthur came to have the magnet, and what he did with it.

Arthur's class at school had just commenced geography. They had learned which way is east, and which west, and which north, and which south. The teacher asked them ever so many questions, to see if they would be able to tell these directions when they should be in other places. One said he should know which way east is by the sun's rising, and which way west is by its setting. Another said he could tell these directions at noon, because his shadow would point to the north. "But suppose it should be cloudy?" said the teacher. Then they did not know what they could do.

The teacher told them, then, about the mariner's compass, the needle of which always pointed to the north, or nearly so, by which the sailor could know in what direction he was sailing even in the darkest night. William Jones wanted to know if the needle pointed north when the ship turned round. The teacher tried to explain how the needle would point north, let the ship turn any way it would.

The class were very much interested, and thought the compass was something very wonderful. They all wished they could see

one. The teacher said she would bring a pocket compass the next day and show them how it was made. She thought that, may be, some of them could make a sort of compass.

"How?" they all asked.

"How many of you have seen a magnet?"

Nearly all of them raised their hands.

"How many of you own a magnet?"

Two boys raised their hands. Charlie Good said he found his in his stocking Christmas morning.

"What does the magnet do?"

"It draws things to it."

"Does it draw all sorts of things to it?"

Some said "Yes," and some "No."

The teacher then explained that it drew iron and steel, but not other things.

"Did you know that with a magnet you can make pieces of iron or steel magnets?"

No one knew that but Charlie. His brother told him to rub his knife-blade with the magnet, and he did so, and then his knife would take up little tacks and steel pens.

"Yes," the teacher said, "by rubbing your knife-blade, or any piece of steel with a magnet, you can make a magnet of it. That is called magnetizing it. Now I will tell you how to magnetize a needle, and fix it something like a compass, so that it will point to the north."

"Charlie, was there any letter stamped on your magnet?"

"Yes," said Charlie, the letter N on one of its ends."

"The letter N shows that end to be the north pole of the magnet, and the other end is the south pole; because if the magnet were a straight bar and free to turn, the N end would point north, and the other south. But what is very strange, if you rub the end

of your knife-blade with the N end of the magnet, you make that end of your blade the south pole, and if you rub it with the south pole of the magnet, you make the end of the blade the north pole."

"Now, Charlie, she said, "borrow a good sized needle of your mother when you get home. Put the N end of your magnet right on the centre of the needle and move it up towards the eye. Do this ten or a dozen times. Then put the other end of your magnet on the centre of the needle and move it down to the point. Do this, also, ten or a dozen times. Then your needle will be magnetized. Get a dish of water; put a little scrap of paper on the water, just big enough to float the needle; then lay the needle very carefully on the paper, and you will find the point of the needle will turn to the north. You can place it any way you choose, but it will come back to the north."

The class all listened with ears wide open to what their teacher said. Every one in the class wished he had a magnet, and Arthur was determined to tell his father all that the teacher had said and ask him for a magnet.

Mr. Ward loved his children very much, and though he was far from being a rich man, desired to satisfy their reasonable wants, and always was very happy to do anything to please them.

Arthur in the evening told him all about the teacher's lesson, and he was as much interested as Arthur had been. Little Effie, too, listened, and thought a magnet must be the most wonderful thing in the world. So when Arthur said, "Please, papa, get me a magnet," she broke out, "Oh, do, dear papa, do; how I want to see one!"

Mr. Ward laughed, and said he would bring home a magnet the next evening, if one could be found in the town. The next morning, as soon as he went out to his busi-

ness, the first thing he did was to buy a nice magnet, that he might be sure not to forget it; and when he carried it home in the evening, you may be sure one little boy and one little girl were made happy.

After supper, Arthur got a needle and a dish of water, to try the teacher's experiment. He followed her directions, and sure enough it all came out just as she said. Let him place the needle which way he would, it would not rest till its point was towards the north. Effie turned it half round, and said, "Now you *must* stay so." But the needle didn't mind. It seemed to say, "You are a good little girl; but I must obey a higher and stronger command than yours. My duty is to point out the north. There is no rest for me unless I am doing my duty."

Arthur and Effie had ever so many questions to ask. They could not conceive why the needle should point one way rather than another. Mr. Ward could not tell them what the mysterious influence was that so affected the needle. The earth was a great magnet, and the magnetized needle must point towards the earth's magnetic pole. That is all he could say about it.

Effie said, "God made it so; didn't he, papa?"

"Yes," said Mr. Ward, "God made it so, and I thank my little girl for making us think of that. It is the happy thought that should always come in connection with what we find in this world in which we live."

Mr. Ward thought this would be a good time to lead the children to think a little about what is mysterious in their own natures, and the influences that were constantly acting upon them.

"Effie, what made that thought come into your mind?"

"I don't know, papa, I'm sure. I'm thinking of something all the time; isn't everybody?"

"Of course," Arthur said, "everybody thinks. That's nothing."

But Mr. Ward soon led them to see that thinking was *something*. He then led them to think about their feelings, and they got so interested in what was wonderful in themselves that they forgot all about the magnet.

"Arthur," said Mr. Ward, "yesterday, as you stood at the gate, Martin Elmore came along with his skates, and invited you to go to White's Pond skating with him. Why didn't you go?"

"Because, father, you told me not to skate on that pond. You said there were spring-holes in the ice on one side of the pond."

"Did your fear of getting drowned keep you from going?"

"No; I wanted to go ever so much. The boys don't skate on that side of the pond, and I hadn't the least fear."

"What kept you from going then?"

"Why, father, you know what kept me from going. Do you think I could disobey you?"

"Do you see that there were two influences acting upon you? Seeing Martin with his skates pulled you towards the pond, but your father's wishes pulled you back; was it not so?"

"Yes; and Martin and his skates only pulled two or three minutes; but my father's wishes pull me almost all of the time, and I do not feel happy unless I go as they pull me."

"Well said, my boy. Now, isn't there something in you, in Effie, in me, in everybody, that is pulling in a certain direction all of the time?"

"What do you mean, father?"

"O, I know, papa," said Effie, "God wants us to love him, and do as he says, and that pulls us towards him, just as your wishes pulled Arthur away from White's Pond; and your love pulls me right into your arms, you

dear, good papa;" and suiting the action to the word, she jumped up into his arms, and for a minute or two Mr. Ward was so smothered with hugs and kisses that he could only laugh. But Effie's answer went right to his heart. You could tell by the moist look in his eyes.

"O, yes, father, why didn't I think," said Arthur. "I can beat Effie in arithmetic, but she always gets ahead of me when you ask such questions as that."

"Well, I see you both understand it," said Mr. Ward. "Now, what do you call that in you which pulls back when you are going to do what God forbids, and pulls you so tenderly and happily along when you are doing right?"

"That is what Mr. Williams talked about in the Sunday-school class last Sunday, father. It is *conscience*."

"Yes; does it act all of the time?"

"I am not quite sure, father. It seems to me to act more some times than at others."

"Yes; that is because it is disturbed by the action of other influences. You are most made conscious of it when you are drawn to act against it. You were not conscious of acting in obedience to your father's wishes till Martin came along with his skates."

"I see, father. But isn't it queer that my magnet should have made us have this long talk, and a talk, too, about *conscience*?"

"It seems so to you, no doubt. But think a minute. Look at your magnetic needle. How still it is, and pointing north! Move it a little. Back it comes. It cannot rest easily only as it points north. Does this seem to resemble anything in you?"

"Why, papa," cries out Effie, "I see what you mean. Why didn't we think of it, Arthur? That is just papa's way; he goes talking about things, and he doesn't tell us what he is talking about; but it always comes right to us in the end in spite of him."

Mr. Ward laughed, and was evidently pleased with the result of his conversation. He told Arthur to take his magnet and hold it a little way from the point of the needle on one side. The needle turned towards the magnet, and the magnet could pull it in any direction.

Mr. Ward then explained that the force pulling the needle to point north was acting just the same, but the influence of the magnet was stronger and overcame that. Then he said there was an influence drawing people so that the direction of their lives will be towards God, and they can live truly and happily only by yielding to that influence. That influence always operates; but other influences come, acting against this. People are tempted to do this or that wrong thing. These temptations are like the magnet pulling the needle from its right position. If people yield, the temptations grow stronger and stronger, and pull them further and further away from God, and make the good influence less and less felt.

"Now, my children we have had a great long talk, and our magnet has taught us a good lesson. Always be drawn towards God. Let conscience be your guide. Resist every temptation to swerve to the right or the left. In your love and obedience to God, 'be true as the needle to the pole.' Good night, and happy dreams."

Then came the "good-night kisses," the little prayers, and soon Arthur and Effie were in bed asleep.

LITTLE HENRY'S SLED.

WHAT a nice sled it was! Just such a sled as little boys like. It was painted green, and had white stripes near the edges. It looked like a sled that would go, and it would go and carry Henry along very fast.

What a good winter it is for sleds! The snow came early, and it keeps coming, and loves to stay. How fast the sleds do go down the hills, and what fun the boys and girls do have!

Henry was such a little fellow he could not go and coast down the steep hills; but he could coast a little in his yard, and he could coast on the side-walk in front of his house. His house was on the side of a hill, and the side-walk sloped just enough to make his sled go nicely.

The great tall policeman who takes care of Henry's street would come along and look at him, and talk with him. He would not say, "Little boy, you must not coast here." But if he had seen any big boys coasting there, he would have said, "Boys, you must go away with your sleds, or I shall have to take them away from you."

The other day Henry went out and had a real jolly time with his sled. He dragged it round the

"BE kind, little children,
To those who are poor,
And ne'er against sorrow
And want shut the door.
Be kind and be gentle
To those who are old;
For dearer is kindness,
And better, than gold."

house, and he coasted till he got tired. Then he went into the house and set it up in the entry, where he always kept it.

Little Henry did not use his sled after that. The Good Father in Heaven thought Henry had better not stay any longer on the earth, but come up into his beautiful gardens. So He sent a good angel who shut up Henry's eyes, and stopped his breathing; and then there was no more Henry in that home he had made so bright, for he had gone away with the angel.

There was left on the bed the little body in which Henry had lived, looking as if it was Henry asleep. But it was not Henry. There was no kiss there for mamma, and there were no sweet loving words for his friends. His mother knew there was a Henry somewhere, for she felt his kisses, but they came to her in a new way.

Two days after the angel had taken him away, the body was laid in a casket and covered with flowers. How it did look just like Henry sleeping in the midst of the flowers! The casket was placed in a bay-window, and above it hung the most beautiful wreaths, and a star made of the loveliest flowers.

Henry had belonged to the infant class in the Sunday-school, and the Sunday-school scholars, and other

friends, sent the flowers out of their love.

The friends of Henry came in to look upon the little form he had left behind. The kind policeman could not get by the house without coming in to take a last look at the sweet face. And all saw, as they passed through the outer hall, the little sled standing up against the wall, just as Henry had placed it when he came in from coasting only a week before.

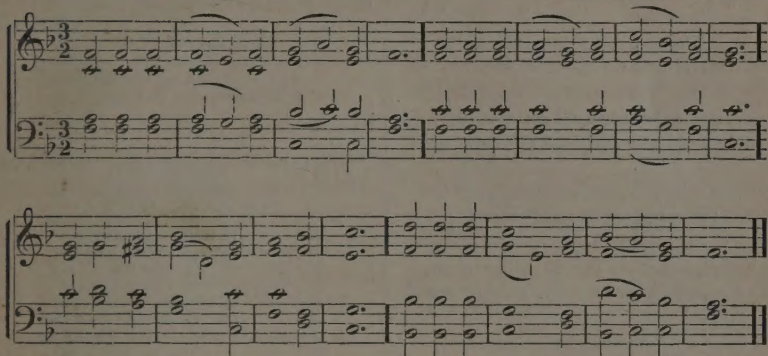
Then there was a prayer made. The good words of the minister went right from his heart up to God. Then the body was carried out past the little sled, and borne to a place where by and by the flowers will bloom and the birds sing. But there can be no flowers so bright and sweet on earth, nor no music so glad, as Henry is now seeing and hearing in the beautiful world where he is living.

The little sled stands just where Henry left it; but by and by, may be, it will make some other little boy as happy as it did Henry.

A YOUTHFUL clergyman, addressing a Sunday school in Springfield, Ohio, last Sunday, said there were two ways to spell lie, — l-i-e, lie, was one way, and f-i-b, lie, was the other way; when a little boy in a back seat piped out in a shrill voice, "That's a fib," much to the discomfiture of the youthful clergyman.

CHRIST ARISEN.

EPISCOPAL S. S. HYMNAL.

*Abide with me.*

KEBLE.

- 1 SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near!
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Easter Morn.

J. MASON NEALE (altered)

- 1 LIFT up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now,
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously.
- 2 No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.
- 3 To heaven lift up your tearful eyes,
For Christ hath risen and men shall rise.
Now hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ hath won, and man shall win.
- 4 It is not exile; rest on high:
It is not sadness; peace from strife:
To fall asleep is not to die;
To dwell with Christ is better life.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

(From a card issued by C. Caswell, Birmingham, Eng.)

I wish you God's good spirit from above,
To shed within your heart His holy love.

Rom. v. 5.

I wish it ne'er may cool as years may flow,
But clearer, stronger, deeper, warmer grow.

Phil. i. 9.

I wish that, rescued from the power of sin,
That love may make and keep you pure within.

Rom. vi. 22.

I wish it may with sweet yet strong control,
From glory unto glory change your soul.

2 Cor. iii. 18.

Till to your Saviour's likeness fully wrought,
His love doth perfect what His blood hath bought.

1 John iv. 17, 18.

I wish at once, whate'er all bliss ensures —
In love made perfect, and that love be yours.

Eph. iii. 14-19.

FOUND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

INTO the forest, alone, I went,
And nothing to seek was my intent.

A little flower I found in the gloom;
Bright as an eye, or a star, its bloom.

But when I would pluck it, it said to me,
"Shall I, to my withering, broken be?"

Then flower and root I dug from the loam,
And tenderly took it with me home.

There, planted again in a worthy place,
It grows and blossoms with added grace.

F. W. WEBBER.

STOW, MASS.

A YOUNG lady sent a written order for a lot of music to a music-seller, and being apprehensive that her spelling was not just right, she added this postscript: "Yew must exkews this letter, as I pla by noat, but spel by ere."

Puzzles.

3.

MR. EDITOR, — Can any of your young or oldish readers digest the following tough morsel?

C. T. B.

To 5 and 5 and 45

The first of letters add:

'Twill make a thing that killed a king,
And drove a wise man mad.

4.

A Sunday school scholar in San Francisco sends the following.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in road, but not in lane;
My second in loss, but not in gain;
My third is in dog, but not in cat;
My fourth is in lean, but not in fat;
My fifth is in red, but not in black;
My sixth is in gig, but not in hack;
My seventh is in can, but not in mug;
My eighth is in keg, but not in jug;
My ninth is in down, but not in low;
My tenth is in shine, but not in glow;
My eleventh is in bough, but not in leaf;
My whole the name of a Scottish chief.

5.

ANAGRAM.

Fi uyo noncat skape kile legsan
Fi ouy toacnn crepna ielk lupa
Oyu acn elit het vols fo asjue
Uyo nac asy en eidd rof lai.

The above contains a lesson for us all. L.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

1. — Peacemakers.
2. — 1. Carmel. 2. Ebal. 3. Tabor. 4. Gerizim
5. Nebo.

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE.)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

42 CHAUNCY STREET BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . \$1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.